Voices of Peace

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VOICES of PEACE

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BLUE

Blue—
blue skies
that canopy the twilight;
soft skies
that guard one from harm.

Blue—
blue flames
that devour pine forests;
hungry flames
that lick embers greedily.

Blue—
blue eyes
that dance in the sunlight;
Irish eyes
that laugh at life.

Blue—
blue lips
that mark the cold;
frozen lips
that murmur a last goodbye.

Blue—
blue water
that caresses the shore;
gentle water
that lulls one to sleep.

Blue—
blue steel
that screams destruction;
shrieking steel
that spits madness.

Anne Langtry, '41

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CHRISTMAS, 1939

Christmas in the trenches! The thought is bitter to Conrad, tossing on his hard bunk in the mean dugout somewhere on the German Front. The only noises that break the tense silence are the snores of Hans as he lies on his back, and the sound of shuffling cards from the next bunk. This threatening silence! Stillness at the Front is ominous.

Christmas! Oh, what a gala affair that always was at home! Conrad closes his eyes, and there are Mother, Dad, Gretchen, and Carl. Mother appears at her best in the kitchen, standing over the stove, while Gretchen pauses in her work by the great table to toss back a golden braid. Preparations for the festivities must have been going on for weeks. By this time the house is all spick-and-span; Mother and Gretchen have seen to that. And Daddy and Carl have brought in the evergreens and hung the branches high. The aroma of those spice cookies that Mother makes so well, the pleasant scent of nuts, fruits, burning candles, and pine mingle to form the pungent odor one associates only with Christmas . . . Christmas in Westfallen!

Hans tosses on his bunk; the sudden swish of a flare cuts through the night. . . . Silence again, unnatural silence on the Front.

Conrad's thoughts bitterly wander back. Every year one of the children picks out the tree he wants. It's Carl's turn this year, and no doubt the pine has been hauled down from the neighboring forest. Conrad sees it before him; tall, stately, and proud it stands, decorated with the many-colored balls, the brittle snow, the silver nuts, the painted candles, and that great star crowning the highest spray.

The happiness of that long-awaited night! Pine boughs are placed on the fire, so that the whole house is filled with intangible fragrance. The cries of joy, the shivers of delight, as one gift after another is opened! Gretchen must be struggling into her brightly embroidered frock, which is a present every German girl can count on. (What can we count on now?) Mother and Dad stand off hand in hand, with proud and glowing faces. The children's joy makes up for all the hardships of the year. (The machine guns have been still too long and Hans is fretting in his sleep.)

Then follows that hour of stillness and calm which closes all German Christmas Eves. Gretchen, hugging tightly her new doll, creeps into Daddy's arms: and Carl, not letting go of his new machine, nestles close to Mother. The lights are turned out, and the candles lighted. One by one of the old German songs are sung: *O Heilige Nacht, O Tannenbaum,* and *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.* Their measures ring through all the listening trenches.

Betty Osterwin,
Eleventh Grade

TO A FRIEND

I love you for the little things you never know you do,
The little songs you often hum without quite meaning to,
The little smiles that radiate like sunshine from your eyes,
That fleeting quirk upon your lips that comes when you're surprised,
The sturdy grin you bravely force when you have known defeat,
The puzzled look upon your face that makes your anger sweet.
The little things I love you for are ceaseless, without end:
I love the world, its people, God—because you are my friend.

ELLEN COCHRAN, '40

BOON-ISELEY'S

Boon-Iseley's on Saturday is a veritable bedlam. It sounds like a boiler factory going at full speed. The giggles and simpers, products of young ladies' seminaries hereabouts, mingled with the guffaws and horse-laughs, compliments of State College, give a general Niagara Falls sound effect.

A steady stream of comers and goers flows through the doorway from noon until dark. They arrive in groups of fifteen or more and stand around casting covetous glances towards the already overcrowded seats; or they drape themselves over the back of a booth, watching hungrily while the occupants get the last slurp of coca-cola up through their straws. In either case one may be sure that the sole purpose of their lingering is the hope of getting parking places for themselves.

Occasionally a seat is vacated (but rarely), and there are always four or five prospective occupants waiting impatiently to pounce upon it. To determine whether the seat goes to the gentleman in the pork pie hat or to the curly-haired boy with the big blue eyes, there is usually a drawing of straws or a fight, the latter being the more popular.

The thickly populated region of Boon-Iseley's on Saturday becomes a melting pot. We find the campus cuties, uniformly dressed in skull caps, sloppy socks, dirty saddle shoes, and shapeless cardigans. Their ultimate aim is to look as careless as possible (just as though they hadn't spent two hours pushing sweater sleeves up and down). Girls of this order bubble over with continuous mirth, showing those irresistible dimples.

And not to be overlooked is our sophisticated young lady, fully attired in black and wearing no less than fifteen twisted strands of pearls around her neck. The right eye is usually entirely obscured by her hat, which is worn at an angle of forty-five degrees. She invariably reeks of "Tourjours Moi" and her purse might easily be mistaken for a gladstone bag. She is filled with boredom and is simply dripping with glamor. She reposes languidly in the booth and carefully arranges her hands to show off her two-inch blood-red finger nails to the best advantage.

Having become situated to suit herself, she sits and waits. For what? Why, for the same thing the campus cutie is waiting for: action from the stag line.

Speaking of the stronger sex brings back to me the stock types who occupy their Saturday afternoons with filling space in Boon-Iseley's. Joe College appears, under his State College hair cut, in a red sweater with a dirty white letter on the front. And there's the immaculate young gentleman in the stiff collar that seems to give him trouble. The drug store cowboy never fails to put in his appearance. His shirt sleeves are rolled up to his elbow and he wears an odd model on his head which may have been a pork pie hat once; it's hard to tell what it is now. And what are all these non-buying customers doing there? *Cherchez la femme!*

In the confusion, the coca-colas get into a state of disorder and everybody drinks everybody else's. And so there is a general passing around of various germs and shades of lipstick.

When all finally get settled just about as comfortably as size forty sardines in a size fourteen can, some slicked-up jitterbug drops a slug in the slot and the "Jim Jam Jump" blares forth from the nickelodeon. Whereupon vigorous foot-patting begins, accompanied by hand-clapping, spoon-drumming, and what have you. Gradually, the time-keepers become so energetic that it is impossible to hear the music. This loss inevitably produces teeth gnashing and loud wails of bereavement. Determined, however, to let nothing spoil their fun and to make the most of this, their Boon-Iseley Lab., the occupants soon restore the saw-mill buzz of conversation. Thus tranquillity, in the worst sense of the word, reigns once more.

When one finally staggers out of this garden spot of Raleigh into the open air, one perceives to her surprise that the street lights are on. And listening closely she hears the thudding noise made by the heels of girls of a certain college nearby, charging down W. Street. Whereupon she gets a move on and does a little charging herself.

SARA BRUCE MCAFEE, '40

EPITAPHS OF THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

From great institutions to small stones we find many curious examples of the universal desire of man to perpetuate his name. Epitaphs, the most common and often the most effective means of preserving one's name, are, in a sense, the last words that a man may leave to those who follow him on Life's stage. To the inquisitive stranger in the far distant future a characteristic phrase or even a simple word may paint a picture of the life of the one beneath the sod.

William Shakespeare, though immortalized by his literary achievements, might well be remembered for his epitaph. It is a curious thing that Shakespeare, the greatest poet England has produced, has as his epitaph one of the rarest pieces of doggerel in the English language. In a sense we should be thankful that such is the case for, due largely to these lines, so unworthy of Shakespeare, his body has not been moved to the crowded Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, but has been allowed to remain unmolested in the quiet country church at Stratford-on-Avon. The very fact that Shakespeare's remains have been kept thus separated from those bards of lesser rank is a unique tribute to this the greatest of all poets. Though this epitaph was probably selected by Shakespeare, it is not generally thought to be a product of his own pen:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

His wife, Anne Hathaway, lies under a more flowery epitaph. It was written by her daughter, who as evidenced by this bit of poetry, inherited none of her father's genius:

"Milk, life thou gavest. For a boon so great,
Mother, alas! I give thee but a stone;
O! might some angel blest remove its weight,
Thy form should issue like thy Savior's own,
But vain my prayers; O Christ, come quickly, come!
And thou, my mother, shalt from hence arise,
Though closed as yet within this narrow tomb,
To meet thy Savior in the starry skies."

In memory of Thomas Nashe, who married Elizabeth, the granddaughter of the famous playwright, these words are found:

"Death awaits all, this man in virtue not deficient
Nor yet in wealth, the fatal day bore off;—
It bore him off, but the last day
shall bring him back; traveller stay,
If thou dost store up things that perish,
through them acquired in evil thou dost die."

One of the bitterest epitaphs in all history is that of the ambitious poet John Keats. Above all else Keats desired fame. Born of poor parents and reared in obscurity, loving poetry and conscious that his was equal to that of many who had won acclaim, Keats wrote feverishly, fearing that death from tuberculosis would overtake him before he had

completed even a small part of the great poetry that he felt himself capable of producing. Finally, in a dismal mood when he realized he could live only a short time longer and fame seemed still far off, he wrote these bitter words:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Robert Louis Stevenson, the beloved writer of children's tales, unlike Keats, lived to see his works made famous. His death was a quiet and happy one. He came in from a walk one day and sat down on the door step beside his wife to rest. Rather tired, he laid his head on her shoulder and, like a deep sleep, death closed his eyes while he was yet in her arms. This poem, written by him to be used as his epitaph, was inscribed on his tomb:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig my grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longs to be:
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

One of the most characteristic American epitaphs is that of Benjamin Franklin, who met death with unfailing humor.

"The body of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here food for the worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it shall, as he believes,
appear once more,
in a new
and more beautiful edition
Corrected and amended
by the Author."

Though the epitaphs of great men offer fascination they are not essential as a means of perpetuating names. But an epitaph, to those of us who in life have won no lasting distinction, is a means by which even the humblest may be immortalized.

Inscribed on the grave of Abraham Newland, chief cashier of the Bank of England, is this stanza, written by the lonely man himself:

"Beneath this stone old Abra'm lies;
Nobody laughs and nobody cries:
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, and no one cares."

Friendless he was because he repulsed those who would be his friends. His life was one, not of living but existing—and though he might have said little of it, he knew it and cared. These four lines written by a man whose presence on earth was hardly known to his contemporaries, have, altogether unforeseen by the author, succeeded in immortalizing him.

One man, realizing the brevity of human existence, asked that these words be inscribed on his tomb as a simple but effective reminder that none shall escape:

"Once I was where you are;
Soon you will be where I am."

Histories have been told by the simple epitaph on one tomb. In Beaufort, S. C., among the graves of the early settlers this telling line is found:

"She died at the advanced age of thirty-five."

To us it seems tragic for one to die so young, but to these pioneers, who had everything from malaria-bearing mosquitoes to Indians to combat, one who reached the ripe old age of thirty-five was fortunate indeed. Some indication of the poverty and the pathetic desire of the settlers to perpetuate a name is evidenced by the head of a mahogany bed that a bereaved husband, for lack of anything better, used to mark his wife's tomb in St. Michael's churchyard in Charleston, S. C.

"It is said that these verses were written over the grave of one of the sons of the Lord Chancellor of England:

"'Here lies Tom Hyde
It's a pity that he died;
We had rather
It had been his father;
If it had been his sister
We had not missed her;
If the whole generation,
It had been better for the nation.'"

An amusing epitaph has been written to the tired woman. The authorship is unknown, but it was before 1850 and runs like this:

"Here lies a poor woman, who always was tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were: 'Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping,
nor sewing,
But everything there is exact to my wishes;
For where they don't eat there's no washing of
dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be
ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now; don't mourn for me
never—
I'm going to do nothing forever and ever.'"

Another appropriate epitaph is that written to an English architect, Sir J. Vanburgh (1664-1726):

"Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee."

The local Oakwood Cemetery numbers among its graves several unique epitaphs with singular stories attached. Among these there is a very touching epitaph to the memory of a young Indian woman, Rachel Blythe Vaver, who died January 9, 1897, in childbirth. Her husband had a miniature chapel of marble erected on a brick pedestal and placed at the head of her grave. Small marble steps lead up to the chapel door, on which he had placed a picture of the young mother, and inscribed beneath on a gold plate is this stanza:

"To thy dark eyes' splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks yet tender
Speak their last farewell."

After we close our eyes to this world we are soon forgotten, and with the relentless passing of time our names, our joys and our hopes, along with those of countless others, will pass into oblivion. To many the only temporary escape from this great sea of obscurity is an epitaph. Therefore, it is to be regretted that the modern custom of putting on the tombstone only the name and dates that mean absolutely nothing to the passer-by is supplanting the singular epitaphs that have graced so many graves.

Louise Stirewalt, '40

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

No sound is more familiar to both young and old than the coughing and wheezing of Dr. Sam's Dodge as he plows through the muddy back roads of Mecklenburg County. It brings new hope to those enslaved by pain and comfort to hearts which must suffer inevitable bereavement. Little boys post themselves on the roadside to watch for its approach; busy housewives lay pots and pans aside to gaze after it from their kitchen windows or hurry to their backyard fences to exchange the latest neighborhood gossip concerning its current mission; farmers stop their plows in the fields to stare and wonder after this ancient vehicle.

If this car is dear to the hearts of these simple folk, it is because of the man at the wheel. He is the patron saint of both young and old; deacons and jailbirds alike swear by his name.

Snapshots of him fill the albums of families whose names he cannot even remember. Newspaper accounts of his life and services, yellowed with age and soiled by much thumbing, may be found in the scrapbooks of those who cannot even read the print. His handlebar mustache and tired gray eyes may confront you from a faded photograph in a Negro cabin. For both white and colored he is the embodiment of a fast-disappearing tradition. He is the embodiment of a true ideal—an ideal still cherished in rural America. Never too busy to offer a word of comfort, of cheer, or of compliment, he has spent his entire life in service to humanity. A night of undisturbed slumber is unknown to him; an easy chair by an open fire is a rarity; even church on Sunday morning is unusual. So full is his life of active duty and unselfish kindnesses that the absence of religious practices cannot mar its beauty.

I often wonder at the meager recompense he receives for his services. His gasoline bill quite frequently exceeds the fee he receives for his visit; people who grow hot with impatience if he is slow in answering a call are frequently the most reluctant to respond to his bills. They honor him by naming their bouncing babies for him—consequently he has namesakes in every jail in the country. They show their love for him by their ready acceptance of his charity; yet never does he refuse them or complain of their impositions.

Yes, his rewards are meager in material things. But often I see his tired gray eyes glow with sympathy as he ministers to the suffering. Often they grow misty as he soothes the agony of someone in pain. I marvel at his contentment, and I remind myself that lasting happiness may be found only when self is completely lost.

ELLEN COCHRAN, '40

IMPRESSIONS

I. Silent Processional

The double line
of
lighted candles
moves
down the aisle
to the
accompaniment of
darkness.

II. Frozen Mirror

We dance,
and our skates
ring
on the ice.
We dance
in the spotlight
of the moon.

III. Inception

His baton rises
and floats
quietly
into the
swaying silver
of the
Clair de Lune.

IV. Denouncement

Drums rumbled,
cymbals crashed,
clarinets wailed,
saxophones sobbed,
the curtain fell—
and
all
was still.

V.

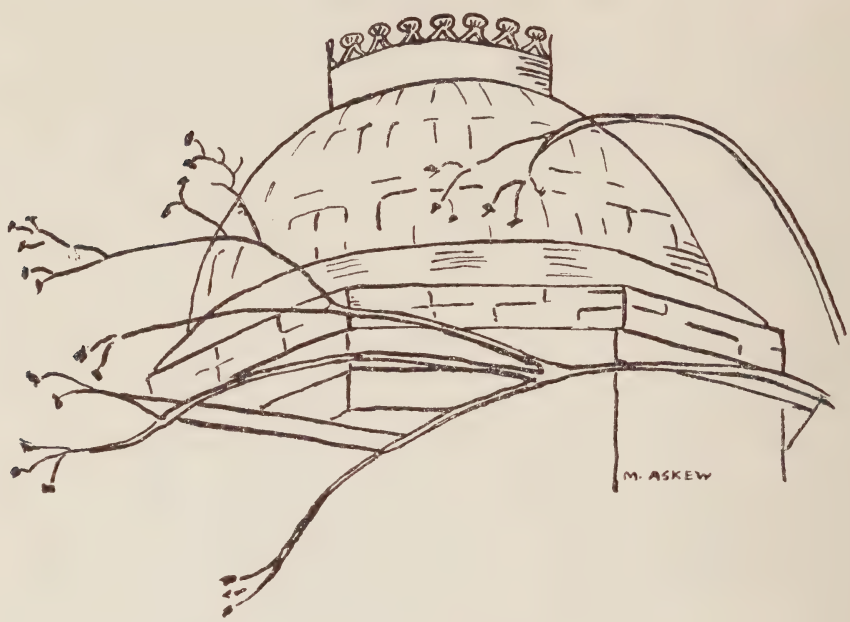
The universe
unrolls
before me
like a scroll.
I read of chaos, doom!
Planets
dizzily shudder;
lurch out of sight.

Anne Langtry, '41

MYTHOLOGY REPEATS ITSELF

Pandora, the gift of the gods, held a box, strangely wrought; over and over she turned it in her hands. What was within, no god had made clear . . . the unknown, the forbidden. Once her fingers had touched the latch, she could not curb her insatiable curiosity. She slipped the lid, and pain and evil fell upon the world. . . . Hitler held a box, a recently closed box, tainted with blood, and labeled *Wars.* He shook the box . . . the sabers rattled. The lid is slipped . . . war engulfs the world.

Nancy Teague, '41



A CAPITOL OBSERVER

Here I perch on a cold stone bench in the Capitol grounds, beneath the imposing statue of our great educational statesman, Charles Duncan McIver. In his bronze hand, which is turning green from age and weather, the founder and first president of the State Normal and Industrial College for Women holds a book, and his finger is caught between two pages, as if he had only stopped reading a moment to watch me as I write. He is smiling as though amused by this timid observer. And well he might be, for surely I present a humorous picture as I studiously chew on a pencil eraser and struggle to imprison on my paper the fleeting impressions of various people as they hurry by.

Near me, seated on a rusty iron bench, is a very old man with a long white beard and kindly, faded eyes that crinkle at the corners when he calls the pigeons to share his meager lunch. The glassy-eyed birds flock around him as if they sense his friendliness, and their coral feet carry them running to the morsels of cold pork and bread he throws to them.

My next subject is a large Negro woman, wearing a sleazy coat with a moth-eaten fur collar. She walks rapidly, and her thin, veined hands clutch a greasy brown paper bag. She is closely followed by a very tall young man in uncreased pants and a loud green fedora. He smokes his cigarette and glances in my direction with the cocky assurance of a bulldog.

I am seated near the public fountain, a very busy place, and as the unsuspecting victims of my literary efforts hurry by, many stop for a drink. Over there with a toddling boy I notice a girl about twelve, with dark brown pigtails hanging over the velveteen collar of her cheap tweed coat. She loudly informs the world that she wishes Mother would come on! In her harsh voice she constantly refers to the little chap as "Worry-wort," and she argues with him as he tries to monopolize the fountain.

A little boy, wearing a dirty white shirt and blue denim trousers with one leg rolled up, fairly flies by, his sandy head bobbing as he sucks an orange. A well-dressed woman glances carelessly at the youngster as she walks smartly along in her black pin-striped suit, while her stylish black shoes clop loudly on the cement. Now a middle-aged woman clumps by in shoes with sadly run-over heels, the combination of her pink coat, yellow silk scarf, luggage-tan hat, and wispy hair sending a shudder through the observer. Her coarse face is lined with discontent.

A young man about nineteen walks briskly along in a neatly tailored tweed suit, whistling happily. Though my spirits are buoyed up by his exuberance, they droop again as yet another shabby, dismal-faced woman in a cheap checked jacket slouches by, her shoulders hunched forward with the weight of a heavy bag. Her black hat sits drably atop a frizzy permanent. Almost colliding with her, there scurries up the opposite walk a bent little man in brown pants and dirty tennis shoes, who pauses by the fountain long enough to drink and wipe his drooping mustache on the back of his brown hand.

There is a slight lull in traffic, sufficiently long to give me an opportunity to notice a proud pigeon staring insolently at the innocent intruder. Then a painter with speckled hat and moldy gray pants starts my pencil rapidly scribbling again; and a young man in an old black suit, shiny with wear, infuriates me, because he walks too fast for me to achieve a full description.

Now a very young girl, wearing an old black suit and out-dated crepe-sole shoes, shuffles into view, her unrolled hair falling carelessly around her face as she busily chews her gum. . . . An unpleasant odor of whiskey assails my nostrils, and from behind me two Negro men come ambling, carrying shoes partially wrapped in old newspapers. They are very black, with their white teeth shining prominently out of their ebony faces.

Swinging down the walk comes a slim young girl in a rust-colored coat with a ratty fur collar, and a blue crepe skirt with crushed velvet bodice. Two tarnished rhinestone clips look as cheap as her oily hair and too-bright lips. Three little boys, all in sweaters worn at the elbows, glance at her unconcernedly, and then enthusiastically resume their discussion of football practice, their young faces radiating eagerness.

A gray-haired woman with a weary expression clutches a worn yellow coat about a cheap blue dress, as she watches rather wistfully a tiny Greek girl sip water from the fountain. The little girl is poorly dressed, but her coal black hair perfectly frames her exquisite features, and her shyness adds to her charm. As she turns to skip down the walk, "Worry-wort" and his bossy sister, who are still playing near the fountain, stare impolitely after the little figure.

My observation period of ten minutes has ended, and somewhat regretfully I gather notes, pencil, and packages as I prepare to leave. I pause for one last glance at the green dome of the building, framed by the heavy branches of the huge oaks and set against the perfect background of blue heaven. Goodbye, "Worry-wort," old man of the pigeons, and cold park bench. Smile on, Dr. McIver!

FRANCES RAINEY,
Eleventh Grade

FIRST SALE TODAY!

In a small city in eastern North Carolina throbs an artery of one of the South's most interesting and most prosperous industries, the tobacco market. The town lies in two counties, and running through the center of town and separating its business district into two parts is a web of railroad tracks, the location of which is typical of this active and eccentric railroad center. The community grew up about one of the oldest cotton factories in the South; it boasts the nation's most popular band leader, and it puts on the greatest annual dance in the States; yet the heart of the city is Tobacco Town.

The dust is thick in Tobacco Town, that district in which the tobacco warehouses and factories are located. It fills the air, sticking on your clothes and in your hair, and making you cough and sneeze. As you walk along the pulsating street, you are pushed and shoved about. You rub shoulders with a dirty blue denim shirt, and you can smell its dank, acrid odor of stale sweat. Beyond this one you see and smell a hundred more just like it. Dirty Negro boys ride by on squeaking bicycles, shouting curses at one another. Automobile brakes shriek, horns blow, and a train clangs, clangs, clangs down Main Street. You are pressed into the tide of humanity, moving on shuffling feet toward the wide door of the warehouse.

The warehouse covers a full block, the end of which is almost invisible because of the thick veil of dust in the air; but your eye follows the long golden rows of baskets, heaped with tobacco, to their very end. People weave in and out, stepping over the flat baskets, and there is noise and confusion on all sides.

Along a row of the yellow leaf a group of men move slowly, stooping to finger the leaves, breaking and then throwing them down. In the midst of this knot of people the auctioneer promenades, singing his powerful chant.

The auctioneer is an enormous man, who must weigh all of two hundred and forty pounds. You can see the outline of his undershirt through his soaked outer garment. A pair of baggy tan trousers are held up by an old black belt, which rides precariously under his overhanging bay window. Tied around his forehead to keep the sweat out of his eyes is a soiled white handkerchief. As he chants, his three chins shake up and down like flesh-colored gelatin. This human dynamo can tell when a pile of tobacco is sold by watching the buyers, who sometimes indicate their purchases with merely a nod or a lift of the hand.

Overalled farmers, spitting tobacco juice, crowd the floor. The majority of their faces are puckered in wide grins, and most of them wear shabby, old felt hats which are covered with the all-pervading dust. Jovially they slap one another on the back and laugh loudly at any and every joke. Already many are licking their lips in anticipation of Gene Autry's movie and a pint of cheap "likker." Prices are going up and up, and noises are getting louder and louder and more confusing. Only the chant of the auctioneer stands out clearly, riding above the pandemonium—the voice of Tobacco Town.

Jacqueline Denson, '41

SUNSET

Over the edge of the setting sun
Purple shadows begin to run;
From out of the pink of the eastern sky
A star and the moon begin to ply.

The solemn pine upon the hill,
The last long note of the whippoorwill,
The darkening hills across the bay,
Herald the end of a perfect day.

Sidney Ann Wilson, '41

PANDEMONIUM IN THE POST OFFICE

Taking a deep breath, I plunge into the mass of surging bodies. I am pushed helplessly from side to side, and I can hardly move toward my box. The mixed odors of perfume and chewing gum almost stifle me. Suddenly I feel a stabbing pain. What in the world? Then I hear an apology shouted over the babel of voices. Someone has merely stuck an inch or so of pencil lead into my unresisting back.

The expressions on the faces around me are varied. The exalted look on the face of the girl who just trod unknowingly on my toes must surely mean a letter from that certain someone. I can see disappointment on the face of the girl who mumbles dejectedly in my ear, "Remind me to dust my box some time. It's inches deep."

At long last I reach my box, and peer hopefully through the tiny glass window. Ah, there it is—a bit of white gleaming through the glass! With mixed emotions of anticipation and dread I fumble with the combination. What shall I find inside that white envelope—a letter from home, a long-awaited epistle from some friend? Finally the door swings open and my eager fingers clutch the letter. The handwriting doesn't seem familiar, but maybe I've just forgotten it. I tear open the envelope, draw out the folded sheet, unfold it, and a blaze of color meets my eyes. Miller's Department Store is informing me that it is offering its entire stock of angora sweaters, including all those styles which are pictured, at the amazing price of $3.98. Disgustedly I thrust the gaudy advertisement back in its envelope, and take a last look to be sure there's no more mail in my unaccommodating box. This lack of letters is a discouraging thing: it makes you wonder if your friends still love you, but then they say you can become accustomed to anything and—oh, well, there's always next time.

ANN MCCORKLE, '41

THREE THOUGHTS FOR BEAUTY

. . . An orchid sparkling in crisp cellophane, its beautiful brittle petals hinting obscurely of glamorous women, heavily perfumed, and of sophisticated music under the glittering stars.

. . . A tall-stemmed crystal goblet filled with deep red wine, whose warm, velvety depths enclose mysteriously the tears, the laughter, and the song of the workers in the sunny French vineyard whence it came.

. . . The last soft light of afternoon filtering through Venetian blinds: splinters of sunshine striking a crystal bowl and the gold-fish whose shiny scales reflect and imprison the bright gold beams.

FRANCES RAINEY,
Eleventh Grade

SKIPPING PARADE

There is the bell and they're off! Who's off? Why, every girl here at Peace after study period is over, both mentally and physically off for the next half hour. I'm off for the second floor sofa, where I can sit and watch the crowd go by. Just as I make a flying leap for the couch, pulling my notebook and pencil in after me, I see Beth Highsmith come tearing down the stairs with an icecream sandwich look in her eye. Right after her streaks Faye Kornegay in green. She is yelling to someone upstairs about going down town. I can't hear anything distinctly because two other girls are clattering down the stairs. Kathryn Walser drops by to give me some needed consolation; I shan't be the only ignorant person in Latin class tomorrow, because she didn't have time to finish her homework, either.

Here comes a pillow slowly inching up the steps with a girl draped around it. She says that Study Hall isn't what it used to be! Last week only a select group was admitted, but now you find anybody there. Study Hall seems to be the fad right now. There's Shorty Longest with a pillow tucked under her arm, too. Those Study Hall seats must be hard indeed—look at the size of the pillow she's lugging back to her room. Now she has stopped in front of the big mirror—vain creatures, women!

We have a double feature on in opposite directions now. While Katherine Welsh trips merrily down the stairs, Faye Kornegay is coming up with a tray of drinks. Whoops—no, a false alarm; she didn't fall. Here comes Alice Saunders chattering about something; but then she's always chattering, so that's nothing new. Good heavens! What's that, a cyclone on the loose? No, just Chick Stuart dashing by with a strawberry lollipop in her hand. But wait—don't tell me; let me guess. I knew it; all that racket is my sister pounding down the stairs. She's going to the Little Store, too. There certainly is a beaten path to that popular spot. Turn any of us girls loose after three hours of closed study and instinctively we end up there like homing pigeons.

Now we have an eruption from below. Anne Chunn comes flying up to tell me that the lower hall is unusually empty, and begs me to grace it for her English theme's sake. Ummmmmm—I smell and see peanut-butter crackers rising from the staircase with my sister attached. I wonder if I can convince her that it is more noble to give than to receive?

To my right is a familiar sight; Ellen Cochran waiting again—or is it still?—in front of the Dean's office. And here are Mary Brooke Lucas and Carey Barbour, practically pulling themselves up the incline. They look considerably on the wearier side of life. It couldn't be from studying, I'm sure! Oh, yes, I remember now—the seniors and preps played hockey this afternoon, and the game ended with a score of 0 to 0 in favor of the preps.

Although Times Square is considered quite a busy spot, the second floor of Peace College now runs it a close second. A little to my right Dot Prince, Martha Longest, and Margaret Faris can be seen talking and munching cheese crackers—where do I come in?—while Lib Edens comes streaming down from third floor. At the critical turn she nearly upsets Hazel Hurt, who is working her way upward, swinging a bright purple balloon over her shoulder.

"Where did you get the balloon, Hazel? . . . Where? . . . I can't hear. . . . Oh, well, I didn't want to know, anyway."

Who's that walking down the stairs backwards? Why, it's Virginia Murphy, one of those poor Pi pledges. Now she's running up and backing down again like a steam engine in reverse. It looks as if Teeny Goodman is the one putting her through the paces. I'm certainly glad there's no other Pi around—What? Oh, oh . . . I spoke too soon! "Yes, oh, . . . most honorable Pi." . . . I guess that I'll have to join the parade and add my footsteps to those going toward the Little Store, for here's Louise Stirewalt wanting a Mars and a chocolate milk.

DIANE DICKINSON,
Eleventh Grade

WORDS

Words are employed to give expression to the entire range of human emotions: from the avowal of love to the cry of anger; from the voicing of pleasure to the exclamation of disgust; from the expression of happiness to the utterance of sorrow. Words alone can convey our emotions, our thoughts, and our ideals. In the book of Proverbs we find this passage: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The influence of words is incalculable. A single words has sometimes lost or won an empire. The words we have spoken can never be recalled. Like the ripple of waters caused by the drop of a pebble are the circles of their influence. Emily Dickenson says of words:

"A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say;
I say it just
Begins to live
That day."

BETTY LOU FLETCHER, '40

VOICES *of* PEACE

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EDITORIALS

THE MORAL RE-ARMAMENT MOVEMENT

The Moral Re-Armament Movement now sweeping the nations should be of paramount interest to young people the world over. On the result of this movement may depend much of the future of the world and of our New America. Who knows but that this is the longed-for revival, coming, perhaps in a form different from that expected, but coming, nevertheless, at a time when the nations have reached a deadlock that only a moral and religious revival can break?

This movement began with the Oxford Movement and is built around the idea that those who "listen to God" will receive guidance from Him for their own lives, and that our nation and ultimately the world may be directed by God. Those supporting the M.R.A. have chosen these four standards: absolute honesty, unselfishness, purity, and love. Beginning in the home, they are attempting to put these principles into practice; from the home circle they are carrying them into their business and social life. The results already have been amazing.

In a recent issue of the Raleigh *Times* is the account of one employer, who, struck with the sound logic of the M.R.A., decided to follow its principles in his business affairs. After much prayer over the matter he was convinced as to what his actions should be. Accordingly, he called his employees into his office, made his proposal, told them what he honestly thought was his due, and in return asked that they state what they, in all sincerity, thought should be accorded them as employees. The boss and workers thus frankly talked over and agreed

upon this plan of inaugurating the M.R.A. movement in their work and lives. Bound together by this tie, they ironed out all their past disagreements. They were no longer merely employer and employee, but they were men and women working together in a common cause for the common good.

Our responsibility is limited to the local scene. What would be the effect of such a program if really put in operation here at Peace? Would it not be a re-vitalization of the Golden Rule?

L. S.

THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD

A small, dirty boy crouched against the wall of a grey stone building. His hands were red and chapped; the wind pierced him to the bone. A lady came down the street. Seeing the boy, she stopped and asked, "Son, are you cold?"

"Yes, Mum, I is," he chattered. "It's mortal cold."

"Then why don't you go home?" the lady continued.

"No use, Mum, no fire, no way to get warm."

This scene took place on Fayetteville Street not long ago. What is being done to prevent situations like this?

In England, in 1882, many children were made orphans by a mine disaster. The need for clothes and household linens was great. Lady Wolverton, who was having a house party at the time, seized upon the idea of asking each of her guests to give two garments, "one to be worn and one to be washed." Her idea was exploited in a local paper, and the item was copied by a London journal. Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Tech, organized the London Needlework Guild. Once begun the Needlework Guild spread like wild fire.

In 1885, Mrs. Alenson Hartpence, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, brought the idea to America. Its importance in the work of alleviating misery can hardly be overestimated.

How did it come to Raleigh? Meredith College started the Needlework Guild in Raleigh, but failed to report to National Headquarters. Not wanting Raleigh's underprivileged to be without the Guild, Mrs. William Andrews requested Mrs. Colburn of the National Headquarters to come and organize a Raleigh Guild. Consequently, on August 31, 1939, Mrs. Colburn met with an enthusiastic audience to found the Raleigh Needlework Guild.

A gift of two new garments or two new pieces of household linen a year entitles one to membership in this international organization. The articles do not go to organized charity. Churches and schools coöperate in helping to find the underprivileged who merit aid.

Cash may be given in place of articles. Shoes in particular are needed, and money designated for this purpose is most gratefully re-

ceived. A member of the guild accompanies the prospective recipient to a shoe store and sees that he is fitted properly.

Anyone with a genuine interest in human welfare and an eagerness to alleviate the poverty and consequent suffering may join the Guild. Raleigh schools and colleges are among its staunchest supporters. Thus, Peace reaches the Raleigh underprivileged with the aid of the Needlework Guild. Peace is a part of the Guild, working with it under the slogan: "Raleigh, the first city with no underprivileged."

M. R., '41

The editors would like to express their deep appreciation to Mildred Askew, who designed the cover for the *Voices of Peace* and whose drawing of the Capitol dome appears in this issue.

The *Voices of Peace* is edited by the members of the Papyrus Club.

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EXCHANGES

The Concept from Converse College is particularly notable for the wide variety of its material. It gives a most interesting and thought-provoking debate on the much discussed question of "Will the United States Enter This War?"

The Mary Baldwin *Miscellany* is especially appealing to those who like fiction, for it contains two delightful short stories, "A Passenger on the 'Cavalier'" and "Chief Pow-Wow."

Although thoughts of Thanksgiving have been driven from our minds by the approach of Christmas, the two Thanksgiving sketches in the Meredith *Acorn* constitute especially interesting reading.

PEPPERPOT

CUPID AT PEACE

SCENE: The Peace Parlors.
TIME: Saturday night
CHARACTERS: Cupid.
Various and sundry couples.

Cupid smiled, and on his rosy little face shone the happy glow of success. Cupid had good reason to be in high spirits, for isn't a good hunter always happy when entirely surrounded by the victims of his bow? Cupid had had a particularly successful hunt today; the Peace girls had been willing, perhaps even eager, targets for his sugar-tipped darts.

Suddenly a feeling of gratitude swept through Cupid's heart as he thought of his old friend Jupiter. Good old Jup—now there's a pal for you! He's always ready to help a fellow when business is bad. Cupid remembered last Saturday night. The prospects for business had been good, but then Jupiter had sent that untimely storm just as the State boys were leaving for Peace. It had rained the whole evening, and few boys had reached Peace. So Cupid had sent a message to Jupiter by Mercury, and tonight Jup had called out the stars and turned the moon on full force. Since only a few low lamps were burning in the parlor, the great golden face of the moon could be seen through the windows.

Cupid's thoughts turned from Jupiter to Juno. Juno is one of Cupid's business associates, as well as his friend. She would welcome the new crop of hearts Cupid had to bring her tonight, for as Juno is the goddess of marriage, hearts are all-important to her.

Suddenly Cupid roused from his reverie. Were his eyes deceiving him or did that tall blond actually look bored? Yes, he must be contemplating departure, for he slyly turned his wrist and consulted his watch. With a quick movement, Cupid slipped the last dart from his once full quiver and "zing"—another heart to add to Juno's growing collection.

ANN M. MCCORKLE, '41

REVISION REVISED

"'Twas long after light bell
And all through the halls
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even Miss Salls."
That was the way
The poem once read;
Since the gang came to Peace
It goes this way instead:
"'Twas long after light bell
And all through the halls
Not a creature was stirring—
Oh, . . . Yeah?"

ELLEN COCHRAN, '40

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(This is a list of business firms and other organizations advertising in our student publications. Through them our *Voices of Peace* and *Lotus* are made possible. Let us show our appreciation by patronizing them whenever possible.)

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